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## THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

'Of course you have seen the Crystal Palace?'

I have had that question asked me an indefinite number of times—during solemn quadrilles; in descending staircases at dinner-parties; amidst the dreariness of morning calls. It was always answered with a savage abrupt 'No!' I might have added—perhaps I did sometimes, being a very straightforward sort of individual—that five shillings is a considerable lightener of the purse of a poor author to whom a day's holiday is frequently a day's loss. So it chanced that I had never seen either the inside or outside of the Crystal Palace.

'Come, you *shall* go,' said a friend who has been to me the provider of many a harmless recreation—'you shall go with us, under the escort of one of the Executive Committee; so you will have everything explained, and, moreover, there is nothing to pay!'

This last argument was irresistible. We fraternity of the pen think the public, for whose pleasure we work evermore, owes us some pleasures in return; so we never scruple about a 'free admission.' Accordingly I went. Entering Hyde Park by the gate at Apsley House, we drove along the road to the left, and at length in a rather sheltered situation, opposite the row of mansions called Kensington Gore, we came upon the object of our search. The Crystal Palace, with its huge transept, stood before us.

Even now the whole neighbourhood is like a fair. Before the entrance—a very imposing entrance—is a throng of carriages, hired cabs, conveniences of all sorts. Wet and dreary though the day is, numbers of that class the newspapers describe as 'well-dressed spectators' are walking about; some with a wide-awake, astonished country look; some glancing with a Cockney's quick eye, that takes all in with the greatest possible celerity—he has no time to lose in sight-seeing. Already one or two catalogue-sellers are visible, harbingers of the coming race. They attack with—'Full description of the Crystal Palace, inside and out: you'll want it sadly, gentlemen—*only* sixpence!' One of these pamphlets—rather a poor affair—was of course purchased.

The entrance is in the southern extremity of the transept. Here we had admittance, and at a single glance were able to realise not only the vastness of the structure, but its exceeding airiness; for as the whole canopy and much of the sides is transparent, there is no shadow. We feel as if in the open air. Right before us, in the transept, are left several lofty trees, leafless and disconsolate in aspect, waiting to be clothed in verdure by the reviving warmth of spring.

At the time of our visit, the whole area was a scene of bustle—carpentering was going on in all directions; a smith's forge and bellows were in full action; and wagons laden with timber were drawn by teams of horses along the centre and still unboarded thoroughfare.

'Now, when you have admired sufficiently, I will begin to explain,' said our kindest and most good-humoured of ciceroni. 'To commence at the floor: this boarding, you see, is placed three feet above the ground, and has interstices between the planks, both for ventilation, and in order that the dust may be swept through. Fancy the dust shaken from the feet of our myriad visitors! I should not wonder if it filled the whole three feet beneath the floor. Next as to the iron pillars: they are all hollow. Every drop of rain that falls on our roof of glass—inclined slightly for the purpose—is conveyed at once through them to the sewerage beneath the floor.'

'But suppose there came a summer hail-storm?' said we, looking at the immense surface of glass, exposed apparently without any defence to the fury of the elements.

'It is not supposed that hail-storms would injure the edifice; the glazed roof being placed at such an angle as will strike off any hail that may fall. I confess I am more afraid of the effects of high gales, which, if striking full on the broad surface presented to them, might commit serious havoc. Fortunately, the edifice is not in a particularly exposed situation. But come: let me show you the wings.'

We went, walking amidst a multitude of workmen and visitors, who were then, for the last week, admitted. There must have been thousands of people in the place, and yet they only seemed to meet us at intervals—solitary groups wandering about. They were mere atoms in the vastness of the Palace.

'These are admirable specimens of the class of English workmen!' said my cousin, as we passed one after another, singly or in twos or threes, the artisans whose expert hands carried out the plans of the cleverest heads in the nation. They were all decently-clad, honest-looking men, many of them with much intelligence in their faces. All were busy; scarce one of them stopping to glance around at us.

'They work in perfect silence,' said Mr —; 'they are not allowed to answer a single question. We give them good wages, and have little or no trouble with them.'

'Yet there are about three thousand, as I understand? What an amount of good must be done by such a sum as must thereby be distributed among their class! There will be no 10th of April Chartism

here—our Exhibition of '51 is better than a revolution.'

'And how late do they work?—what a strange scene this must be after dusk!' said I, taking the picturesque instead of the political side of the question.

'For a long time the labour went on by night as well as day. I have seen as many as twenty-five hundred workmen here, each working by torchlight or fire-light. The effect was indescribably grand.'

'It must have been, indeed. But have you no precautions against fire?'

'As yet, none, except the Serpentine close at hand, and extreme care taken to avoid danger. Still it is a want, and a great one. A conflagration here would be a fearful thing.'

We had now reached the staircase leading to one of the galleries: 'They somewhat spoil the effect of the whole, and were not at first intended; until we found the space applied for by exhibitors increase so enormously. We then erected these two galleries, extending, one on either side, down the whole length of the wings. If you walk on to the extreme end you will see how the perspective of the vista dwindles almost into nothing.'

It did indeed. It was like looking down an immense street, as far as the eye could reach. The precise distance, Mr — told us, was 1851 feet; a whimsical memorial of the year in which the work was executed.

'See! we are perpetually mindful of our trees,' said he, pointing out one whose great trunk penetrated through the gallery, and was encircled by a small railing to prevent injury. 'Certainly, I think the great attraction and novelty of the building is in its little forests. Look! there are two—one at each end of the wings. They will be made into refreshment-tents, where the ladies can sit and eat their ices under trees.'

'Very acceptable: and who furnishes refreshments? The Commission?'

'No: government couldn't exactly turn pastrycook for the nation. We shall let the office to some private confectioner, though under many stringent rules. We have received several offers already—one to the extent of ten thousand pounds—but have not decided.'

'What a delicious place for a public picnic!' said one of us. 'A whole family party might come and spend a day here, dining in the refreshment-tent under the trees. How very nice!'

'Not exactly, supposing it to be a July day, under this glass roof. The reflection of heat and light would be such that we should be first dazzled blind, and then broiled alive. How will you counteract that, Mr —?'

'There will be matting spread over the roof. And, then, only look at the contrivances for ventilation!'

These were large zinc plates, arranged something like the ventilators used in windows, or at the tops of railway carriages. One series of them admitted fresh air continually, the other emitted the foul atmosphere. Nothing could be more perfect. We walked along to the further end of the gallery, admiring the extreme regularity of its every portion, down to the graceful iron lattice-work which protected the edge. And being now nearer to the roof, we could see that what at first seemed flat, was in fact raised in vandyked furrows. The infinitude of panes of glass was perfectly bewildering. So was the boarding of the floor and galleries. To construct them, what pine forests must have fallen! What numbers of laden ships must have brought them hither!

'They have, indeed,' said Mr —, 'We have received materials from every portion of the world. Still the greatest and most valuable portion of wood has come from the Baltic. And the most curious thing is, that every plank, every lath used, exactly corresponds in size. They are all cut and fashioned by machinery, so as to be precisely similar, even to a

hairbreadth of length, or to the bored hole of a nail. The best of our machinery has now ceased working, but I can still show you some.'

He took us to a portion of the wings where there was a steam-engine—more properly, a locomotive brought to a stand-still—in operation, by which several most ingenious contrivances were worked. One was a machine for cutting the small laths required in the inner part of the roof. Four circular-saws were placed, one at each corner of a frame; and the long laths being passed over them, were subdivided into exactly equal portions. These were afterwards transferred to a machine for painting them; or rather they were made to paint themselves, being merely passed under a framework, in which was fixed a succession of brushes—the whole operation being the work of two seconds. Whole stacks of these newly-painted laths were ranged about, conveying some faint idea of the enormous quantities required.

'But this, to my thinking, is the most curious invention of all (and every one of them has been invented expressly for our purposes in this building). Do you see that long spout for drainage—not ungraceful in shape, is it? It has a ledge to rest upon, and nail-holes all bored. Well; it went a mere log into a cylinder, was drawn slowly through, and came out what it is! We are rather clever folk here, are we not?' and Mr — smiled a gratified smile. John Bull was not ashamed of himself!

'There go some Sappers and Miners!' said my cousin, as half-a-dozen of them passed, their red-coats glittering among the homely-clad civilian workmen. 'These men have been very useful. All our surveying and planning has been done by them.'

At this moment our attention was drawn to Mr Paxton, the magician of this Aladdin's palace. Near him stood Owen Jones, who, as everybody knows, has become the decorator of the structure. A discussion was going forward respecting the colouring of the pillars and the iron interlacings of the roof. Several parts were painted diversely as examples; and we all agreed that the happiest and least-starting combinations were—buff, light blue, and white. There cannot be a doubt that the colouring will vastly improve the effect; and the world ought to be much obliged to Mr Jones for the taste he has brought to bear on the Crystal Palace.

'I think you have now seen all I can show you,' observed our kind conductor, as we paused once more at the entrance of the transept in a state of considerable fatigue. Yet we had only traversed the length of one gallery, and never been to the end of the building at all.

'Really this will be an awful Exhibition to visit! We ladies can never accomplish it, unless you establish some means of locomotion—goat-carriages, or a little line of railway laid along the principal aisles!'

Mr — laughingly shook his head. 'No, my good madam, you must really be obliged to walk—a little every day, and the more days you take to see it, the better for the Exhibition, you know. However, we shall publish a map, so as to guide the public through this labyrinth to the portion they may individually wish to examine.'

'But, oh—the walking! Couldn't you provide us with some harmless locomotive—a velocipede, for instance?'

'Our Executive friend could not resist a fit of laughter. 'That reminds me,' said he, 'of a comical incident which is immortalised in our business memoranda. When we requested contributions from different towns of various specimens of manufactures or inventions to be exhibited here, the Dover people, after long deliberation, decided that the only thing they had to send was—a velocipede! It was the latest invention—twenty years back. The town had produced nothing since!'

We all laughed heartily at the expense of poor old Dover; and my wicked cousin proposed that government should accept the contribution, on condition that the mayor of Dover should ride through the Exhibition on his velocipede!

'But that is nothing to the eccentric data we have on our books,' Mr — continued. 'We keep an account of the greatest number of every article received. What do you think heads the list? Patchwork counterpanes!'

'Great honour to our English fingers too! We are quite proud of our sex,' the ladies answered; and then we inquired concerning the foreign correspondence that the Commission must have on hand.

'It is of course enormous. Some incidents of it are, as might be expected, amusing in the extreme. We get the oddest applications sometimes, chiefly from abroad: they come couched in every language under heaven. We have several interpreters and many clerks, whom we keep in durance there.'

He showed us a line of wooden erections like sentry-boxes, but enclosed, and lighted only from above. 'There they work, and cannot see anything of what is going on. A capital plan, is it not? And there,' said he, re-entering the hall, which we now saw was flanked on either side by various commodious apartments—'there is the Board-room of the Royal Commission, and also our own Board-room. You must, however, content yourself with an outside view of both, as here my influence closes.'

It had indeed been a most kindly and instructive influence, and given us infinite pleasure. As we stood once more at the entrance-hall, and looked down the magnificent vista, we thought what a world-renowned sight it would be next May! And somebody said—(you may be sure it was a woman!)—that our Queen ought then to be the happiest lady alive: happy, not only in her kingdom and people—the only people in the world who could succeed in such a work as this—but in her own royal spouse, perhaps the sole prince in Europe who could have planned and guided it.

'You may say good-by to the Crystal Palace: the public cannot be admitted again until May-day,' was Mr —'s adieu. 'But, then, it will be something worth looking at, I suspect.'

#### THE BEAR-SKIN.

ONE day early in the year 182—, the inhabitants of N—, the most westerly village on Red River, saw a large canoe ascending the stream. It contained three men, who rowed as those accustomed to long voyages on the rivers, striking the water in time and measure with their short paddles, and steering straight from one point to another without following the capricious windings of the shore. The sun had just risen, and the landscape was covered with the gay verdure of spring, which so rapidly withers under the scorching sun of summer. On that morning a greater number than usual of the population were assembled on the wharf; the letters and newspapers brought by the post the evening before were being distributed; and the planters of the neighbourhood, seated on wooden benches in front of their stores, under the shade of flowering acacias, chatted with one another while smoking their cigars. Groups of negroes were unloading the heavy wagons, which three or four yoke of oxen had dragged from the interior of Mexico, and, as usual, accompanying their labour with shouts and cries, as though in torment. Here and there were to be seen a few Indians who had come in to sell the produce of their hunting, and now that the market was over, they lay lazily crouched in the shadow of the houses, silent,

and with half-closed eyes, like vultures reposing after a repast. They were rude links between the yet unsubdued tribes and the half-savage pioneers of the white men.

As soon as the canoe touched the edge of the wharf, the three men disembarked, and directed their steps towards a tavern. By their tall stature, pale complexion, and long black hair, they were at once recognised as Canadians, and were soon surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, eager to impart or receive news. Some thronged the bar-room, while others blocked up the doorway; and before many minutes had passed, it was known all over the wharf that the three voyageurs were a father and his two sons, forced by the introduction of steamboats on the waters of the Mississippi to abandon their occupation as cruisers or raftsmen, and who had therefore come to squat in the forest, some fifty or sixty miles from the village, beyond the remotest habitations.

While this news, very important in a locality to which there came but little, was circulating, the Canadians clinked glasses, and drank with every one who offered them rum; so that by the time they thought of resuming their course, their heavy quiet look had given place to one of animation.

'Father,' at last said the eldest, stretching his long and brawny arms, 'let us go. The air of the river is better for us than that of this tavern, where my head begins to turn round.'

'In our time,' replied the senior, speaking to the old Creoles who stood near, yellowed by the sun and whitened by age—'in our time it took more than that to dim the eye of a St Lawrence voyageur;' and rising from his seat he, with his two sons, faithful to their old habit, marched in single file down to the boat.

As they approached, an Indian was examining the canoe with great attention. The Canadians had packed their long rifles, their axes, powder-horns, and utensils, securely between the seats. Such a display of wealth bewildered the savage: his weapon was nothing but a patched fowling-piece, full twenty years old; and he stood leaning from the wharf, gazing on the precious objects with that intensity of contemplation not to be realised by civilised men.

'Take care,' cried the youngest of the three; 'make room for us to get on board.' As he spoke, his elder brother, who was close behind, pushed the Indian rudely with a blow on the shoulder. The Red Skin lost his balance; a mingled cry of alarm and anger broke from him; and to avoid falling flat on the water, he plunged in head foremost. His dog leaped after him, as though to seek his master at the bottom. A few moments later, the savage reappeared on the bank, soiled with mud, while the water streaming across the red and blue paint on his face, made a grotesque chequerwork of the coloured stripes. His dripping plight excited a general burst of laughter: the negroes yelled with delight; the boys threw stones; and the curs of the village, barking furiously, rushed to the attack. The Indian and his dog were compelled to a shameful flight, and disappeared in the forest, which at a short distance surrounded the village. On the summit of an eminence overlooking the river, the native patted his dog, and dried himself by rolling in the thick grass. Presently he saw the canoe at a distance up the stream, and while he gazed it passed slowly from his sight behind the overhanging trees. After the first burst of merriment had subsided, there were some in the village who shrugged their shoulders and blamed the Canadian.

Meantime the voyageurs, excited by their libations of



rum, rowed with redoubled vigour, as though competing for a prize at a regatta. Plantation after plantation was passed in the swift course, as they went farther and farther to the west. In time, however, they felt hungry; and as they pulled towards a wooded island, intending to cook their slices of dried meat under the shade of the trees, a voice cried from the shore, 'Canoe, ahoy!'

At this unexpected salute the rowers raised their heads, remaining motionless with the paddles in their hands.

'Is that you, Père Faustin?' again called the same voice.

Hearing himself accosted by name, the old Canadian leaned forward in the direction of the speaker. His sons pointed out to him a planter seated at the edge of the water with a telescope in his hand, and making signs to them to approach. On nearing the shore Faustin recognised an old companion, a trader from the low country, with whom he had often navigated. Such meetings were not extraordinary at a time when the French Creoles were gradually spreading themselves over the fertile soil of the upper regions. The planter welcomed the new-comers with cordial shakes of the hand, and invited them to repose a while at his dwelling. In the centre of his extensive estate stood the wooden house roofed with cypress shingles, from which a walk led to the river, where, at the landing-place, lay moored an assemblage of canoes and large flat-bottomed boats used for the transport of cotton; and near by the negro huts were grouped under shelter of plane-trees and sycamores.

Faustin turned a deaf ear to the persuasions of the planter, who offered him a portion of his land: the Canadian had made up his mind to a life in the free wild forest, and was not to be turned from his purpose. Presently a dinner of venison-steaks smoked before them; and drawing their knives from their sheaths, the three Canadians sat down to the repast. So much was their attention absorbed by eating, that not one spoke or lifted his eyes from the plate—greatly to the astonishment of the young negro attendants, to whom the rapid disappearance of the viands was a novelty. Towards the close of the meal, the daughter of the planter entered, and at a sign from her father, brought a flask of cherry brandy, which she placed before the guests. Observing their rude manners, she endeavoured, partly out of curiosity and sportiveness, to draw a few words from them, and asked if they were going far?

'That depends,' replied the old man, 'on where the plantations end. We are for the forest, we are.'

'It seems you have deer about here?' said Antoine, the elder son, abruptly thrusting to the centre of the table the dish from which he had just taken the last slice of venison. 'Are there bears also?'

'Bears?' replied the young girl, crossing her arms and assuming a tone at once demure and ironical—'bears? Some pass by now and then.'

The point of this response was quite lost on the tall youth to whom it was addressed. After a moment, the planter renewed his offer of land, and drew a picture of life on a plantation; on hearing which the old Canadian tossed his head, Antoine curled his lip, and Etienne, the youngest, bent down his eyes.

The planter understood the refusal, and the three rose to depart. They were soon on the river again, and after rowing till nightfall, encamped on the bank. The next day they resumed their route: one after another the plantations had been left behind; the alligators began to show themselves more frequent on the shores; the troops of turkeys strutting about under the trees scarcely heeded the noise of the paddles; and large flights of parrots filled the air with their discordant cries. At these indications of a less disturbed solitude the voyageurs knew that

their journey drew to a close: they landed, and crossing the flat alluvial plain which borders the stream, selected a hill covered with sassafras as the site of their habitation. It was half way between Red River and the Sabine; a little turbulent water which separates Louisiana from Texas. Their log-house was speedily raised, and when completed the isolated family rejoiced in their freedom; as the father said, 'they had elbow-room for hunting.'

The chase indeed was their sole pleasure; cultivation of the ground, except for a small crop of maize and a few plants of tobacco, formed no part of their pursuits. Yet with all their love of solitude, the voyageurs were not insensible to the attraction of pleasures of another sort. Etienne could play on the violin, and before long he had found his way to a Creole village at a few miles' distance, where he was always welcome, and became the hero of all the merry-makings. When he appeared, all work was abandoned, and even the siesta was interrupted for a country-dance.

These recreations were not at all to Antoine's taste: he was fascinated by a hunter's life. The young girls of the village were astonished that he never left the forest to join in their pastimes. Some set him down as proud and sulky, others declared him to be jealous of his brother's triumphs.

'Mon garçon,' said his father at times, 'you do wrong to play the savage. By and by, when you want to marry, you will repent of it. Look at Etienne—all the girls are over head and ears in love with him.' Antoine made no answer, and continued to hunt as heretofore.

Shortly afterwards they were obliged to take a trip to N—, to replenish their exhausted stores; the eve of the departure, Antoine killed a buck, and placed it in the canoe. 'It is for the planter and his daughter,' he said aloud as he wrapped the animal in palm-leaves; 'they received us kindly at our arrival, and we cannot pass by their door without stopping to thank them.'

'Well thought of, my boy!' rejoined the old man. 'Ah, they are brave people, generous, willing to oblige. Formerly, that was the way travellers were received all along the rivers; but now—one finds none but Yankees, and they give nothing for nothing, not even a glass of water.'

The present of game was duly accepted; the three voyageurs prepared immediately to continue their route, in order to show that their visit was disinterested. The planter, to assure himself of a prolonged visit on their return, proposed to retain Antoine as a hostage, supporting his argument with the information that the pigeons were arriving in countless numbers from the north, and the lakes were covered with ducks.

'Antoine is a good marksman,' he added; 'I should like to commence my winter shooting in his company; so leave him with me.'

'Agreed,' replied Faustin, and pushed off from the shore, on which his eldest son remained standing like a bird caught in a trap.

'Now, Monsieur Antoine, you are our prisoner,' said Marie gaily; 'the canoe is really gone; so take my advice, and come in to dinner.'

The next morning the planter was early a-foot, rifle on shoulder; Antoine, accoutred as a scout, with bullock's-horn powder-flask slung at his side, deer-skin gaiters, and short frock of gray flannel, was waiting for him in the yard. They were already on the way, and planning their proceedings, when Marie, mounted on a small black Mexican horse, came up at a gallop.

'Eh, papa,' she called, 'wait for me. I wish to make one of the party. Go where you will I shall follow you!'

'In that case, good-by to hunting!' murmured Antoine, as he leant on the long rifle, which reached to his chin.

'Shall I be in the way, then, Monsieur Antoine?' asked the young girl.

'I don't say that,' replied the tall Canadian; 'we can take a walk round the cotton-fields, along the beaten paths, where we shall perhaps get a few snakes and sparrows.'

After some further remarks, Marie gave up her intention, and with her father's assent set off for a gallop through the forest. The autumn drew to a close; the October rains had filled the lakes and ponds; in which the caimans, about to fall into their winter sleep, came to the surface from time to time to breathe the mild air of the last warm days of the season. The trees were dyed with gorgeous tints, such as can be seen only in American woods at the fall of the year; and the maiden sped onwards under their darksome shadow, regardless of fear. After riding several miles, she perceived that the region became more rugged and wild, and sought to retrace her steps. It is not easy to find one's way in the forest: she wandered some time without being able to extricate herself from the thickets which, so picturesque shortly before, now began to frighten her.

In this perplexity the young girl stood still, alarmed and trembling, listening anxiously, hoping and fearing at the same time to hear some noise; then again she put the pony in motion, at first at a walk, and presently at full gallop. The report of firearms at a distance indicated the quarter in which she would find the hunters. After a quarter of an hour's sharp riding, she discovered a broad lake, fenced in by thorny bushes, and covered with reeds. Clouds of ducks were settling in all directions upon the water, from which, a moment after, a rifle shot made them rise and wheel in alarm in the air, first on one side then on the other, as the sportsmen fired alternately from either shore of the lake. Antoine was standing up to his knees in the water, loading and firing with the perseverance of a soldier in front of the enemy. Marie watched him for a few moments, while recovering from her alarm; at length, advancing from behind the bush, she spoke in a faint voice—'Monsieur Antoine, where is my father?'

'Yonder, at the other side: don't you hear his double-barrel sounding like a cracker?' replied Antoine, as he again aimed at the ducks.

Marie had lost all her courage: 'I have missed my way,' she rejoined, 'and dare venture no farther by myself. Pray lead me to my father. I am frightened in this forest, and want to join my father. I am so tired that if you will not go with me, I cannot go a step farther.'

The impassible Canadian uncocked his rifle, and approaching the young Creole said, 'This way: come!' and stepped hastily forwards.

'Wait a moment,' cried Marie; 'not so fast—my head swims! Oh, mon Dieu!—I can't see; I shall fall.'

'Seat yourself here,' answered Antoine, assisting her to dismount: 'here, under the tree. 'Tis only a little weakness caused by your hurry and alarm. Who would have thought you would follow us to the lake? Women are always the same: they tremble before a spider, and yet brave real danger.' While speaking thus he sprinkled the maiden's face with water, and contemplated her with much solicitude. He was on his knees in front of her, gazing so fixedly that the passage of a deer would not have diverted his attention; but as soon as Marie opened her eyes, he started to his feet with the words, 'Now, mademoiselle, let us go to your father.'

He took the bridle, and led the way, treading down the obstacles in his route with the step of a giant. After skirting the lake for some time, he placed himself behind the pony. 'What, Marie, you here?' exclaimed the planter on seeing his daughter.

'Oh, father, I deserve your reproof,' she replied,

'but first thank Monsieur Antoine: to guide me he left the best station a hunter could have chosen; and while she narrated to her parent what had passed, the Canadian, greatly embarrassed, busied himself with the lock of his rifle. Presently when they prepared to return homewards, Marie could not refrain from embracing her father, and crying with deep emotion—'Where should I be now if I had not found you?'

'Lost, lost for ever!' rejoined the planter. 'He who goes astray in the forest is soon seized with vertigo. He wanders long at hazard, yet scarcely changes his place; he repeats his own footsteps, and hampers himself in a labyrinth from which he cannot escape. Fatigue disables him, his brain whirls, and despair seizes him at last.'

The canoe did not return until the second day: Antoine found the time less tedious than he would have believed, and showed no ill-will to the young girl whose imprudence had spoiled the success of his duck-shooting. From this time he paid frequent visits to his friends; the planter liked the freedom and simplicity of his manners, and often spoke of him to his daughter as one well able to assist in the management of the estate.

As the season advanced, bear-hunting became a favourite pastime for the three Canadians. In their excursions, however, they found game less abundant than formerly: it seemed that an invisible hand was at work, yet no one ever crossed their path. 'There must be an Indian prowling about the neighbourhood,' old Faustin would say at times; 'but Indians are like foxes, it is of no use to look for them too near the hen-roost.'

'I'll wager my name that I find him!' answered Antoine. 'I'll find him before the winter is over, and we shall see whether he or I will have to pitch tent elsewhere.'

A few days later, Antoine, accompanied by his brother, set out for the Sabine. They had discovered the tracks of a huge bear, and as winter had set in, the animal had doubtless withdrawn to his lair. Their way lay through a marsh to a small elevation which rose like an island in the muddy soil. As they came near, Antoine signed to his brother to remain still, while he crawled forward on his hands and knees. Rising all at once, he said in a low tone, 'Some mischief has fallen out here—I see a dead man!'

'Of what colour?' asked Etienne. 'Perhaps it is a runaway negro who died there.'

'No, there is a dog creeping off into the bushes without barking: it is an Indian's dog. Those animals are as sulky as their masters: they don't bark, but they bite.'

The two brothers had come close to the human form, which inspired them with a feeling of dread as it lay without motion. Thrusting the branches aside, Antoine saw a bottle lying on the ground containing a small quantity of rum; he showed it to his brother. 'I understand,' he said; 'it is some fool of a savage who has hid himself here to drink at his ease. After such a dose he will sleep long enough without waking.'

Etienne softly unrolled the bear-skin in which the Indian had wrapped himself. 'Ah, ha!' he said, 'our hunt is over; we will take the skin, and it is ours sure enough, since it comes from the bear we were tracking, and it will pay for some of the game which this poacher has robbed us of. Hark how the fellow snores! Poor simpleton! after all we do him a favour, for he'll wake the sooner with the cold. He has two blue lines across his chin—ah, I recognise him now! 'Tis he whom you made take a dive the day we stopped at the village. I'll lay a wager that his dog slunk off because he remembered us.'

While he spoke, the two brothers, lifting the Indian by the head and heels, took away the skin. 'Now,' resumed the younger, 'we must refresh his ammu-

nition. I shall pour what remains of the rum among his powder—it will add to its strength.'

'And I will spike his rifle,' rejoined Antoine.

He took up the piece, and thrusting a strong thorn into the touch-hole, broke it off in such a way as to prevent its being drawn out again. This done, the two hunters retraced their steps, persuaded that, after such a lesson, the Indian would shift his quarters. On reaching home they gave the skin to their father, and thought no more of the adventure.

In the following spring, violent fevers broke out over the whole country. As the fierce heat of summer came on, the inhabitants left the shores of the river for the high ground of the interior. To add to the general alarm, a report was spread that the Camanches were over-running Texas, and advancing to the frontier. The militia were kept under arms, and all who were able prepared themselves for the threatened invasion. Faustin and his two sons were on the alert; but the old man, weakened by fever, had lost his ancient courage. Possessed by a vague terror, he insisted on leaving the house for a hiding-place in the forest. The young men humoured him: throwing the bear-skin over his shoulders they departed, Antoine going first as a scout, while the old man followed, leaning on Etienne's shoulder. After walking for an hour, the elder proposed to his father to encamp on an island in the river, while he went down to the planter's to learn the state of affairs, and if necessary, seek for aid. The canoe was drawn from its place of concealment, Faustin and his younger son stepped in, and a few strokes of the paddles brought them to their temporary refuge.

As Antoine turned away to commence his journey, a sudden cry, a sinister whoop, arrested his steps. He listened: it was repeated. Rifle in hand he plunged into a thicket, and hastened to the spot where he had last seen the canoe; but remembering that his father and brother had reached the island, he again turned to his task, and after walking some hours, arrived at the planter's summer residence. Marie smiled as the Canadian told his tale, and to reassure him, read a letter, from which it appeared that the rumoured inroad was no more than a panic.

'I don't know whether all is quiet down the river,' answered Antoine, 'but I do know that I heard an Indian yell this morning.'

'Of a frightened screech owl,' retorted the young Creole; and begged the Canadian to stay with them for a few days. Antoine excused himself on account of his father's illness, and betook himself once more to the forest, and cautiously but hastily returned to whence he had set out.

It was night: a profound silence reigned in the slumbering woods. When opposite the islet in the river, Antoine gave the signal agreed on, but no answer came. Surprised and alarmed, he searched for the canoe: it was gone. Probably Etienne had reconducted his father to the house. Notwithstanding his fatigue, he ran thither, eager to clear up the painful mystery; a sad spectacle awaited him. Nothing of the habitation was visible except a few half-burnt logs: it had been destroyed by fire. At the sight of this catastrophe, the Canadian, overcome with anxiety, fell on his knees and wept like a child. What had become of those whom he sought? Did they yet live? Instead of commencing a pursuit, which the darkness would render useless while increasing the danger, he thought it better to return once more to the planter's. When he stood at the door worn out by his forced marches, by hunger and inquietude, Marie was almost startled into a swoon; while her father seeing the Canadian haggard and bewildered, and his face bathed with tears, was scarcely less agitated. Instead, however, of proffering vague consolations, he made Antoine take some refreshment to recruit his wasted strength. 'In three

hours,' he added, 'we will start on horseback, with four faithful blacks in company, and, please God, we will find the missing ones.'

At daybreak they were on foot. First they explored the vicinity of the devastated cabin, questioning all whom they met, but no one had seen or heard anything alarming. The Indians had not shown themselves in that quarter more than elsewhere, and there was not a woman or child who had not recovered from the panic of the previous days.

'But I heard their yells,' replied Antoine; 'they have burnt our hut, and murdered my father.' The listeners shook their heads, and said to themselves, 'The tall Canadian has lost his wits!'

While the party continued their search, the elder Faustin and his son Etienne were retreating before an enemy, who, for twenty-four hours, had pursued them with frightful whoopings; now behind them, then on one hand, presently on the other burst forth the implacable cries. The fugitives, scarcely cognisant of their route, had traversed the distance between Red River and the Sabine, the younger supporting the tottering steps of his father, who, from the effects of fever, shivered under the heavy bear-skin. At length, overcome by disease and fatigue, the old man said with a feeble voice—'Mon garçon, do you see them?'

'No, father, but I hear them still!'

'In numbers—are they not? Oh, if Antoine were with us, we could then set our backs against a tree and wait for them with a firm front!'

'Yes, father, they are numerous. Whichever way we go, there we hear them howling: they are scattered about the forest in pursuit of those who flee as we!'

Then the two looked at each other without speaking, each shocked to see the other's dejection. The thought of turning to the settlements for help never occurred to them; they believed that, like their own, every hut and plantation had been pillaged and burnt. Yet they were not forgotten: Antoine was making every effort for their relief. After searching a long time in vain, he at last entertained a painful hope that his father and brother would have taken up a position in the marsh where, some months before, they had found the sleeping Indian. The difficulties of the route made the journey slow and irksome; at the borders of the swamp they were obliged to dismount and leave their horses to the negroes. Antoine strode from right to left, examining the clumps of rushes, trying the depth of the shaking mud, eager to find the track. Suddenly he stood still.

'Do you hear that?' he asked in a low tone to the planter, who followed close behind.

The latter listened. 'It is the cry of an Indian,' he answered; 'let us call up the blacks.'

The hoarse yells were repeated. 'This way,' said Antoine; 'they are right a-head of us. Oh, here is the trail! Follow—oh my poor father!'

They hastened towards the sound, which now came more distinctly to their ear. The Canadian was about to fire when the cries ceased, and they heard a noise among the leaves, as of a bird suddenly taking wing. Antoine crept towards the little mound, which he had not forgotten; all at once his rifle fell from his hand, and he rushed forwards to a man lying flat and motionless on the grass. This time it was not a sleeper but a corpse—the corpse of his father! A little beyond lay Etienne, grasping the roots that projected from the soil, and seeking to conceal himself in the bushes. He scarcely breathed, and turned his haggard looks on his brother, whom he no longer recognised.

'It is I,' whispered Antoine, bringing his mouth close to the fugitive's ear—'it is I; don't be afraid. Where are they?'

'Here,' answered Etienne, pointing all round, 'there, everywhere! Father's dead from fever, hunger, and fear; and I am quite worn out.'



'You are not wounded, Etienne? They did not fire?'  
'No, no; I brought our rifles as far as this. There they are under the grass. I only saw one—only one: he who— You know, Antoine? He was here just now, but I could not stir. He pushed our father's body aside with his foot, Antoine, and carried away the bear-skin.'

The young Canadian survived this incident but a few days. He died with the conviction that the Indians had over-run the country, and till his last moment fancied that he still heard the terrible cries which, during a day and a night, had kept him and his father in a state of incessant alarm. So perished the old voyageur and his son, victims of a ruse which their fears prevented their suspecting. After paying the last mournful duties to the dead, Antoine sought an asylum at the plantation. The log-house which he had helped to build was now destroyed; besides, the forest no longer afforded him pleasure—it brought back to his mind the most painful recollections. He appeared to have renounced hunting altogether, and wandered all day up and down the enclosures, dressed in his Sunday garments, and wearing a band of black crape round his gray felt-hat. He remained thus a whole month in inaction; Marie and her father, respecting their guest's sorrow, spoke to him not oftener than he seemed to desire. What were his plans? No one knew.

'Mon ami,' at length said the planter, 'when you first came to this part of the country I offered you a part of my land. Painful events have shown that my counsel might have been good. You are now alone in the world—stay with us.' Antoine shook his head. 'But where will you go?' continued the planter.

'Yonder!' answered the Canadian, pointing to the west. 'I must live in the woods—I shall die here.'

'Surely you will not leave us?' interrupted Marie. 'My father loves you so well, it would be ungrateful on your part.'

Antoine lowered his eyes, wiped away a tear, and looked at the young girl with an inexpressible tenderness: then rising, he said with an altered voice, 'I must find him—I must revenge them!' He disappeared: and from that time was never heard of again!

#### WHAT A HEALTH COMMITTEE CAN DO.

Two Reports lately published by the Health Committee of the Town Council of Liverpool, referring to the year 1850, show in a very striking manner the improvement that can be produced in the sanitary condition of a town that possesses a 'health act,' and energetic men to carry into effect its provisions. In no town in England was there more necessity than in Liverpool for the adoption of measures to render it healthy. Inquiries made some years ago, when public attention was first forcibly drawn to the subject, showed that while the average age of all persons dying in the huge, overgrown, and, it might be supposed, very unhealthy metropolis, was 26½ years, the average age at death in Liverpool, a town not one-sixth the size of London, built in a healthy locality, and exposed to the fresh sea breeze, was only 17 years. Again, in Leeds, the great smoky manufacturing capital of Yorkshire, 1 out of every 36 of the population died every year. In Bristol, whose commercial greatness Liverpool had eclipsed, it was 1 in 32; in 'ever-toiling' Manchester, 1 in 29; and in Liverpool, 1 in 28. People did not require to search long to find out the causes of this. Defective sewerage, the occupation of cellars, and the excessive density of the population, were very explanatory facts: to many of the worst localities it was found that the visits of scavengers were few and far between;

and indeed the cleaning of some courts where human beings were densely crowded together, was in a great measure left to the action of heavy rain. But the town council at length obtained a 'health act' with important provisions; a staff of officers, medical, engineering, and others, were engaged; and the cleansing of the Augean stable began.

It was high time. Scarcely had a beginning been made when famine and fever fell heavily on Ireland, and Liverpool was inundated with thousands of sick and starving people from the sister country. Into the old unhealthy cellars which the sanitary act had closed, the living tide of want and disease flowed; the streets were thronged with gaunt spectres mutely imploring assistance; and many of those who had to minister to the spiritual and bodily wants of the sufferers caught fever and died. At one time it was estimated that there were a hundred thousand Irish paupers, men, women, and children, in the town! Bad as things were, they would have been much worse had there been no sanitary act and no health committee. Scarcely had Liverpool recovered from this sad infliction when it was overrun by cholera, whose ravages were doubtless moderated by the measures taken under the sanitary act. It may therefore be said, that it was not till last year that the full influence of that act could be estimated.

The population is now supposed to be 370,000; the deaths during 1850 were 10,123, or about 1 in every 36½ of the population—a rate of mortality as low as that ascertained in 1843 to be the average in Leeds. The mortality in Liverpool during the year of the cholera was 1 in 21, and it is supposed by the medical officer that the decided improvement last year is in some measure caused by the cholera, 'which carried off many of the inhabitants whose deaths would otherwise have swelled the mortality. But the influence of this latter cause is less than might be supposed, as not less than three-fourths of the deaths from cholera occurred among persons of middle age, who do not in ordinary years furnish more than one-third of the entire mortality.' The deaths in 1849 were 17,046; and even after deducting the deaths from cholera, the number in 1849 was greater by 1824 than in 1850. In fact, at no period of which authentic records have been kept, has the mortality of Liverpool, as compared with its population, been so low as in 1850. The weather may perhaps have had some influence on this result, for the mean temperature of the atmosphere during the year was 49½ degrees, being about one-eighth of a degree lower than that of the previous three years, and 1½ degree below that of 1846. The temperature never rose above 81, and never fell below 24½ degrees. The past was a much drier year than the previous four, for rain fell on 151 days in 1850, and the average of the four preceding years was 184 days.

In every large town some quarters are more healthy than others. The districts inhabited by the wealthy, who can afford spacious houses, with good ventilation and facilities for cleanliness, &c. are always those in which the least number of deaths in proportion occur. They are the districts for which sanitary bills are scarcely necessary: the inhabitants are both able and willing to pay due attention to all measures conducive to health. It is not, therefore, in the wealthy portions of Liverpool that the beneficial results of sanitary measures are so striking as in the poorer parts of the

town. When the health act came into force, the number of yearly deaths in the former was 1 to every 41 inhabitants, and in 1850 the mortality was nearly the same, or 1 in 42; but in the latter, where it was formerly, on an average, 1 in 27, and in some years so low as 1 in 14; it was in 1850, 1 in 30. This is a most interesting fact, as it not only proves beyond dispute that the mortality of a district may be greatly lessened by proper attention to sanitary measures, but shows at the same time that the Health Committee are acting in the spirit of all true reformers, by improving *upwards*; and that a sanitary bill is not, as some people suppose, a 'rod in the hands of the rich,' but is, on the contrary, 'a staff for the protection of the poor.'

Of the total number of deaths more than half (5777) were under 15 years of age, whereas in the seven years ending 1844, the number was nearly two-thirds. The bad pre-eminence acquired by Liverpool arose from the great mortality among its poor and young inhabitants; and these facts show in a striking manner, that, during the last year, no doubt in a great degree in consequence of sanitary measures, the poorer districts have become more healthy, and a smaller number of the juvenile population have died. There is still, however, great room for improvement, as a glance at some of the causes of death will show. The number of violent deaths, which in many cases arise from passion and carelessness, were 461, or between 4 and 5 per cent. of the whole. Thirty-two of these were children overlain in bed by their parents; 8 men and 5 women killed by excessive drinking; 57 persons were drowned; 6 accidentally poisoned; and 17 committed suicide—12 of whom hung themselves, 3 took poison, 1 cut his throat, and 1 chose to drown himself. There were 2 cases of wilful murder, 11 of manslaughter, and 1 of excusable homicide. It is perhaps not too much to say that the greater part of these lives, and of the remaining number lost by accident, would have been saved by the exercise of greater self-control, and more care and attention. Nor is it at all unlikely, that of the 152 persons killed accidentally in Liverpool in 1850, not one would have his life insured, so that many must have left families unprovided for, who might have been placed far above the reach of want by a timely attention to this paramount duty. There are few subjects of which the working-classes of this country are so regardless as life insurance, and yet there is none in which a labouring man with a family is so much interested. The deaths from zymotic, or acute contagious diseases, were 2649 (about one-fourth of the whole), and included 467 cases of typhus, 336 of hooping-cough, 297 of measles, 240 of scarlatina, 112 of small-pox, 110 of croup, and 74 of erysipelas.

Another fact is well worthy of note—that one in every twelve of those who died was a pauper in the workhouse. Of the entire population of England and Wales, about one in every twenty was a pauper on the 1st July 1850. The expense of pauperism in Liverpool is enormous. Nor, when its proximity to Ireland is considered, is this wonderful. The fever of 1847 and 1848, brought to Liverpool by Irish poor, caused 700 orphans and 350 widows to be thrown on the parish; and that fever, with the long train of disasters which followed it, cost the ratepayers £70,000. Of the deaths, less than half (4929) were females; and of the violent deaths, more than two-thirds were males. This is quite in harmony with other laws that are found to prevail in the proportion of the two sexes. A greater number of boys than of girls

are born every year; but a greater number of females than of males are always found in any old settled country. The explanation of this apparent inconsistency is found in the fact, that more males than females die every year—arising, doubtless, from the greater number of accidents to which the former are exposed, and the greater amount of severe labour they have to perform. This law is so well established, that several insurance companies charge less for female than male lives.

To return, however, to the subject in hand. The Report to the Health Committee from the Inspector of Nuisances contains, curiously enough, a return of the number of cattle slaughtered, and of course eaten in Liverpool during 1850. Nearly a quarter of a million (248,963) of four-legged animals met 'violent deaths' for the benefit of the people of Liverpool during the past year. This would give two animals to every three human beings; a very fair supply as times go of butcher meat. The classification of the quadrupeds was as follows:—Beasts (oxen, &c.), 85,299; calves, 17,864; sheep, 163,509; lambs, 11,742; and pigs, 21,249. This number is greater than in 1849 by 15,305 heads of cattle. We cannot but regard this increase as a sign of increased health, since the healthy always eat more than the sick.

Let us look at a few of the nuisances which this active officer and his assistants have to inspect and put down. 'Everybody knows that pools of stagnant water are very unhealthy. In 1849, the inspector had to give notice to the proprietors to remove 731 of such pools, and last year he had to deal with only 277 of such cases. Again: in 1849, foul and offensive water from wells, &c. had collected beneath the floors of 405 cellars, to the injury of health, but in 1850 the number was only 150. The total number of notices issued to remedy nuisances, to cleanse unhealthy dwellings, to repair water-spouts, and remedy other miscellaneous defects, was 6903; and of the persons to whom notice was thus given, only 78 failed to remedy the evil, and had to be compelled, by being brought before a magistrate. The number of houses found in a filthy and unwholesome condition in 1849 was 3603; and in 1850, only 2014. The total number of inspections made of courts, and streets, and the houses in them was, during the last year, more than 70,000. But even in spite of all this, there are people so poor, or so wedded to old ways, that they cannot be prevented from living and sleeping in condemned cellars, and during the year the number of such cellars found reoccupied was 1643; the inmates of 1206 quietly vacated them on receiving notice, but against the remainder it was necessary to appeal to the law.'

Such facts suggest many reflections. Here is a great town that has long been notorious for unhealthiness, so much improved in the course of five years by the operation of a sanitary bill, whose provisions have been carried into force sometimes against the will of those whom it was most to benefit, and under peculiarly adverse circumstances, that its rate of mortality has been reduced from 1 in 28 to 1 in 36, and though its population is rapidly increasing, yet the number of deaths has diminished. If such results can be produced in a great measure by the judicious carrying out of the provisions of an act of parliament, is it not possible to produce an equally conspicuous improvement in the moral health of a town by provisions for education? Is an ignorant child less a nuisance than a pool of stagnant water, or is it more necessary to see that a parent keeps a clean house than that he gives education to his children? Would there be more cruelty in fining a man for not sending his boys and girls to school than for living in an unhealthy cellar? Society, in whose name all these things are done, is even more interested in the moral than the physical health of its members; and if an



act of parliament, well framed and administered, can diminish the number of deaths in Liverpool, why should there be any hesitation in applying to similar force to the promotion of the education of the people?

#### SCENE AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

In the autumn of 1804, the court was at Fontainebleau. The Consulate had but recently merged in the Empire, with the consent of all the orders of the state. The senate by a decree had declared the First Consul to be Emperor of the French; and the people, to whom the question of succession had been deferred, had, by a majority of three millions to three thousand, decided that the imperial dignity should be hereditary in his family. History, as Alison observes when recording the fact, affords no instance of a nation having so unanimously taken refuge from the ills of agitation and anarchy under the cold shade of despotism.

A new order of things having commenced, all, as may easily be imagined, was in a state of transformation and change in the composition of the court, as well as in the arrangements of the imperial household. Under the republican régime, a great degree of simplicity had prevailed in the appointments of the various departments of the state, as well as in the domestic economy of family circles: it could not, however, be called unpretending; there was a certain affectation in it, evidently assumed with a view to contrast, even in minute particulars, the system of the republic with that of the old monarchy—the plainness of the one with the profuseness of the other. But this was not fated to last long: it had already been giving way under the Consulate, and was now disappearing altogether in accordance with the views of the new monarch. Titles and dignities were to be restored; court formalities and ceremonials were being revived, and new ones instituted. The old nobility, sprung from the feudal system, and dating, as some of them did, from the Crusades, having been swept away by the revolutionary storm, their places were to be supplied, as supporters of the throne, by a new race of men. During this period of transition and change, the movement at the château was unceasing. Arrivals and departures were taking place almost every hour, to which very different degrees of importance were attached. One arrival, however, was spoken of as having a more than ordinary interest: it was that of the dignitary who, as it was then understood, was to place the imperial crown on the brow of the new sovereign. 'To recall,' observes Alison, 'as Napoleon was anxious to do on every occasion the memory of Charlemagne, the first French Emperor of the west, the Pope had been invited, with an urgency which it would not have been prudent to resist, to be present at the consecration, and had accordingly crossed the Alps for the purpose.'

Whatever may have been the views which originally prompted the invitation—whether it was to play a mere secondary part in a court pageant, or a leading one, as the public at first supposed—or whether all such notions were swept away by some new deluge of ideas, as Châteaubriand somewhere says—It is now pretty clear that the presence of the pontiff at the ceremony was a minor consideration, and that the real motive was that which came out in their interview, as will appear in the sequel. Be this as it may, it was evident to all that the Emperor awaited his coming with impatience; and when his approach was announced—though preparations had been carefully made for their first meeting—the arrangements were such as to give it the air of an *imprévu*. It was on the road at some distance from Fontainebleau that the Emperor met the Pope: the potentate alighted from his horse, the pontiff from his travelling chaise, and a coach being at hand, as if accidentally, they ascended its

steps at the same moment from opposite sides, so that precedence was neither taken nor given. How Italian the artifice!

They had not ridden long together when Bonaparte, quitting the coach, got on horseback, and returned to the château at a gallop, and with scarcely an attendant. The drum beat to arms, the guard turned out, but before they had time to fall in and salute, he had alighted, and was mounting the steps of the vestibule.

It was always so with him; he gave such vivacity to all his movements, such energy to all his actions, that speed seemed a necessary condition of his existence. Still so natural was it to him, that it did not wear the semblance of hurry. Scarcely had the beat of the drum been heard at the gate, before the clatter of his heels resounded in the hall, as the flash of a cannon precedes the report.

This time, however, he seemed fitful and even agitated. On entering the saloon, he paced it like one who waited with impatience. Having taken a few turns from one end to the other, he moved to a window, and began beating a march with his fingers on the window-frame. The rolling of a carriage was heard in the court, he ceased to beat, and after a short pause stamped on the floor, as if impatient at seeing something done too slowly; then stepping hastily to the door, opened it—it was for the Pope.

Pius VII. entered alone; Bonaparte closed the door after him. The Pope was tall, but stooped somewhat; his countenance, elongated and sallow, wore an expression of suffering, which seemed to have been induced upon a habitual tone of elevation and courtesy. His eyes were black and large, and on his lips, which were slightly opened, played a smile indicative at once of urbanity and benevolence. He wore on his head a white calotte or headpiece, partially covering his hair, which was naturally black, but now blended with some silver locks; on his shoulders he had a camel, or cape of red velvet, and his long robe reached to his feet. Those who have seen his portrait by Laurence, though taken ten or eleven years later, will recognise at once the correctness of this description. As he entered the room he moved slowly, with a calm and measured step like that of an aged female; and having taken his seat in an arm-chair, he turned his eyes towards the floor, and seemed to wait for what the other Italian was going to say.

Bonaparte, as all know, was short in stature, being below the middle height; but in all other respects he was, at the period here referred to, very different in personal appearance from what he became subsequently. Far from having that fulness which approached to corpulence—that sallow puffiness of cheek which verged on the unhealthy—or that heaviness of limb, or general obesity, which threatened infirmity—he was slender in frame, but firm and well proportioned; yet there was something which indicated premature wear, by hardship in the field and toil in the cabinet; he was quick and nervous in every movement, rapid and almost convulsive in his gestures when excited. Still he could be at any time graceful in attitude and elegant in manner. Even then he stooped a little, so that his shoulders inclined forwards, which gave something of flatness to his chest. His face was thin and elongated; but what a forehead! What eyes! What beauty in the contour of his intellectual visage! In repose, its habitual expression was reflective and concentrated, with a strong tinge of melancholy.

Bonaparte ceased not to pace the room after the Pope had entered. After a while, altering his curve somewhat, and having taken a turn round the chair, as if making a *reconnaissance*, he stopped short, and resumed the thread of the conversation which had been commenced in the carriage, and abruptly broken off.

'I repeat, holy father, I am not an *esprit fort*,

nor do I like word-spinners or idea-mongers. I assure you, that, in spite of my old republicans I will go to mass.'

These words he tossed off towards the Pope, as if he were giving him a dash of the incense box; then paused to observe their effect. He seemed to imagine that, after the impieties of the republican régime, such an avowal ought to produce a decided effect.

Pius, however, remained unmoved; he continued as before to look steadily downwards, and pressing firmly with his hands the eagle-heads that tipped the arms of his chair, seemed, in thus assuming the fixity of a statue, to say, 'I must submit to listen to all the profane things which it may please him to say to me.'

Seeing this, Bonaparte took a turn round the room, and another round the chair, which stood in the middle of it, appearing but little satisfied with his adversary, and still less with himself for the tone of levity with which he had resumed the conversation. He at once changed his manner, and began to speak more composedly, still continuing to pace the room. As he passed to and fro, he glanced at the mirrors which ornamented the walls, and reflected the grave visage of the pontiff, eyeing him now and then in profile, never in front, to avoid appearing anxious as to the impression his words may make.

'One thing I must say, holy father, hangs heavily upon me: it is that you seem to consent to the coronation by constraint, as you did formerly to the concordat. As you sit there before me, you have the air of a martyr, and assume an attitude of resignation, as if you were making an offering of your sorrows up to Heaven. But surely you are not a prisoner; such is not your position in any sense: grand Dieu! you are free as air.'

Pius smiled, and looked him full in the face. He seemed to feel how enormous was the exigence of that despotic character, which requires—and all such natures do the like—not only obedience, but submission, absolute submission, and that, too, wearing the air of devotion to their will.

'Yes,' continued Bonaparte with increasing energy, 'you are free, perfectly free: you may return to Rome; the road is open to you; no one detains you.'

Pius sighed, slightly raised his right hand, and looked upwards without uttering a word; then slowly inclining his head downwards, seemed to look attentively at a golden cross which hung from his neck. Bonaparte continued speaking, but his steps became slow, and at the same time he gave a marked degree of mildness to his tone, and of courtesy to his expression.

'Holy father,' said he, 'if the gravity of your character did not forbid me, I would say that you are somewhat ungrateful. You do not seem to retain a sufficient recollection of the services which France has rendered to you. If I am not much mistaken the Conclave of Venice, which elected you, appeared to have taken its inspiration from my Italian campaign, and from some words which I let fall with regard to you. It cannot be said that Austria behaved well to you; far from it; and I was really sorry for it. If my memory does not deceive me, you were obliged to return to Rome by sea, as you could not have ventured to cross the Austrian territories.'

He stopped short, as if waiting for a reply from his silent guest. Pius, however, but slightly inclined his head, and then sunk back into a sort of apathy, which seemed inconsistent with even listening; whilst Bonaparte, putting his foot on the rim of a stool, pushed it near the Pope's chair, and thus continued—'It was, in good truth, as a Catholic that such an incident gave me pain; for though I have never had time to study theology, I have great confidence in the power of the church: it has a prodigious vitality. Voltaire did it some damage in his time, but I shall let loose upon

him some unfrocked oratorians: you'll be pleased, if I mistake not, at the result. Now see, you and I may do many things in common by and by, if you wish it.' Then with an air at once juvenile and careless, he continued—'For my part I do not see—I am weary of conjecturing—what objection you can have to establish your see in Paris, as it formerly was in Avignon. I will cede to you the palace of the Tuilleries: I seldom occupy it. You will find there your apartments prepared for you, as at Monte Cavallo. Do you not see, padre, that Paris is the real capital of the world? As for me, I shall do whatever you desire. You will find in me more docility than people give me credit for. Provided that war and politics, with their fatigues, be left to me, you may settle the church as you please: I shall be a soldier at your orders. Do but consider what effect it would have, and how brilliant it would be, were we to hold our councils as Constantine and Charlemagne did in their time! I should merely open and close them, leaving the keys of the world in your hands. As with the sword I came, the sword I should retain, and with it the privilege of bringing it back for your benediction after every victory achieved by our arms.' And in saying these words he slightly bowed.

Pius, who up to that moment had remained motionless as a statue, slowly raised his head, smiled pensively, and drawing a deep sigh, breathed out one by one the syllables of the word, '*Com-me-di-an-te!*'

The word was scarcely half out, when Bonaparte made a bound on the floor like a wounded leopard. A towering passion seized him; he became yellow with ire. He bit his lips almost to bleeding as he strode to the end of the room. He no longer paced round in circles; he went straight from end to end without uttering a word, stamping with his feet as he swept along, and making the room resound as he struck the floor with his spurred heels. Everything around him seemed to vibrate; the very curtains waved like trees in a storm. At length the pent-up rage found vent, and burst forth like a bomb-shell which explodes:—'Comedian, say you? Ah, ha! I am he that will play you comedies to make you weep like women and children. Comedian, indeed! But you are greatly mistaken if you think you can play off on me, with impunity, your cool-blooded insolence. Comedian! Where is my theatre, pray, and what? 'Tis the world, and the part which I play is that of master and author; whilst for actors I have the whole of you—popes, kings, and people; and the cord by which I move you all is—*fear!* Comedian, say you? But he who would dare to hiss me or applaud should be made of different stuff from you, Signor Chiaramonti! Know you not well that you would still be merely a poor curé but for me, and that if I did not wear a serious air when I salute you, France would laugh to scorn yourself and your tiara? Three or four years ago, who would pronounce aloud the name of the founder of your system? Pray, then, who would have spoken of the Pope? Comedian, eh! Sire, ye take footing rather quickly amongst us. And so, forsooth, you are in ill humour with me because I am not dolt enough to sign away the liberties of the Gallican church, as Louis XIV. did. But I am not to be duped in that fashion. In my grasp I hold you; by a nod I make you fit from north to south, from east to west, like so many puppets. And now, when it suits me to make-believe that I count you for something, merely because you represent an antiquated idea which I wish to revive, you have not the wit to see my drift, or affect not to perceive it. Seeing, then, that I must speak out my whole mind, and put the matter just under your nose, in order that you may see it—more particularly as you seem to think yourself indispensable to me, and lift up your head in consequence, as you drape yourself in your old dame's robe—I'll have you to know that such airs do not in the least impose on me; and if you persist in that course, I'll deal with your

robe as Charles XII. did with that of the grand vizier—I'll rend it for you with a dash of my spur!

He ceased. Throughout this tirade Pius maintained the same immobility of attitude, the same calm on his visage. At its close, however, he just looked up, smiled with something of bitterness, and sighed as he slowly articulated the word, '*Tra-je-di-an-te!*'

Bonaparte at that moment was at the further end of the room, leaning on the chimney-piece. Suddenly starting at the word, and turning round, his whole person seemed to dilate, and his features to expand as passion rose within him. His look became fixed, and his eyes flared; then with the swiftness of an arrow he rushed towards the old man, as if with some fell purpose. But he stopped short, snatched from the table a porcelain vase, dashed it to pieces against the andirons, and stamped on its fragments as they flew along the floor! Then pausing for an instant, as if to catch breath, he flung himself on a seat in utter exhaustion. It would be difficult to say which was the more awful—his sudden outburst of rage, or his immobility and silence after it.

In some minutes the storm seemed gradually to subside, and a calm to succeed. His look and bearing changed; something of depression seemed to steal over him; his voice became deep and melancholy, and the first syllables which he uttered showed this Proteus recalled to himself, and tamed by two words. 'Hapless existence!' he exclaimed; then pausing, seemed to muse, and after a while continued—'Tis but too true; comedian or tragedian, all for me is an affair of acting and costume; so it has been hitherto, and such it is likely to continue. How fatiguing and how petty it is to pose—always to pose, in profile for this party, in full face for that, according to their notions! To guess at the imaginings of drivellers, and seem to be what they think one ought to be. To study how to place them between hope and fear—dazzle them with the prestige of names and distances, of dates and bulletins—be the master of all, and not know what to do with them; and after all this to be as weary as I am—'tis too bad! The moment I sit down'—he crossed his legs, and leaned back in his chair—'ennui seizes me. To be obliged to hunt for three days in yonder forest would throw me into a mortal languor. Activity is to me a necessity; I must keep moving myself, and make others move, but I'll be hanged if I know whither. You see, then, I disclose my inmost thoughts to you. Plans I have enough and to spare for the lives of a score of emperors. I make one every morning, and another every evening; my imagination wearies not; but before some three or four of my plans could be carried out, I should be used up body and mind: our little lamp of life burns not long before it begins to flicker. And now, to speak with entire frankness, am I sure that the world would be happier even if all my plans were put in execution? It would certainly be a somewhat finer thing than it is, for a magnificent uniformity would reign throughout it. I am not a philosopher; and in the affair of common sense, I am bound to own that the Florentine secretary was a master to us all. I am no proficient in theories: with me reflection precedes decision, and execution instantly follows: the shortness of life forbids us to stand still. When I shall have passed away, there will be comments enough on my actions to exalt me if I succeed, to disparage me if I fail. Paradoxes are already ripe—they are never wanting in France—but I shall still them to silence while I live; and when I am gone—no matter. My object is to succeed; for that I have some capacity. My *Iliad* I compose in action; every day adds an episode.'

As he spoke these latter words he rose from his seat with a light elastic movement, and seemed altogether another person. When relieved from the turmoil of passion, he became gay, cheerful, and at the same time

unaffected and natural. He made no effort to pose, nor did he seek to exalt and idealise himself, as he did afterwards in the conversations at St Helena, to meet some philosophic conception, or to fill up the portrait of himself which he desired to bequeath to posterity. He was far from anything of this sort: in simple reality, he was himself, as it were, turned inside out. After a slight pause he advanced a step or two towards the Pope, who had not moved, and smiling with an expression half-serious, half-ironical, proceeded in a new vein, in which were blended something of the elevated and the petty, of the pompous and the trivial, as was often his usage—all the time speaking with the volubility so often exhibited by this most versatile genius.

'Birth is everything: those who appear on this world's stage poor and friendless have a desperate struggle to maintain. According to the quality of their minds they turn to action or to self-destruction. When they have resolution to set to work, as I have done, they often play the winning game. A man must live; he must conquer a position, and make for himself an abiding-place. I have made mine as a cannon ball does; so much the worse for those who stood in my way.\* Some are content with little, others never have enough: men eat according to their appetites, and I have a large one. Mark me, when I was at Toulon, I had not the price of a pair of epaulettes; but instead of them I had on my shoulders my mother, and I know not how many brothers. All these are now tolerably well provided for; and as to Josephine, who, it was said, married me from pity, we are about to crown her in the very teeth of Raguadeau, her notary, who once told her that I had lost my commission and my sword, and was not worth a ducat; and faith he was not far wrong! But now, what is it that rises up in perspective before me? An imperial mantle and a crown. To me what are such things?—a costume, a mere actor's costume. I shall wear them for the occasion, that's enough; then resuming my military frock, I'll get on horseback. On horseback said I?—yes, and perhaps for life; but scarcely shall I have taken up my new position when I shall run the risk of being pushed off my pedestal. Is that a state to be envied? There are but two classes of men—those who have something, and those who have nothing. The first take their rest, the others remain awake. As I perceived this when starting in the race of life, I have reached the goal thus early. I know of but two men who attained it after having set out at the age of forty, and they were Cromwell and Rousseau. Had the one had but a farm, and the other a few hundred francs and a domestic, they would neither have commanded, preached, nor written. There are various sorts of artists—in building, in forms, in colours, in phrases. I am an artist in battles; I had executed eighteen of what are called victories before the age of thirty-five. I have a right to be paid for my work, and if paid with a throne, it cannot be called dear. [But, after all, a throne, what is it? Two or three boards fashioned in this form or in that, and nailed together, with a strip of red velvet to cover them. By itself it is nothing: 'tis the man who sits upon it that makes its force.] Still, throne or no throne, I shall follow my vocation: you shall see some more of my doings. You shall see

\* As witnesses of which truth may be cited Moreau and his army, Pichegru and his set, the Duc D'Enghien—all the havoc he had made when precluding to the Empire.

† The passage between brackets is not given by De Vigny; I heard it in another version. Chateaubriand makes him say the same thing towards the close of his career, when throne and all were going to pieces. I heard it cited as part of his last speech to the senate, which was very remarkable. The first speech of the Emperor, as regent, was called the *panache* speech, from the strange use he made of the word in applying it to Cambacérès. Bonaparte's conversation often presented this sort of jumble. He used to call Joseph and Murat '*des rois de théâtre*;' he compared Louis to King Log, and himself to King Stork, &c. In his *doulaides* there was no end of that sort of thing.



all dynasties date from mine, "parvenu" though I be; and elected, yes, elected like yourself, and chosen from the crowd. On that point, at all events, we may shake hands.\*

So saying, he advanced and held out his hand. The Pope did not decline the courtesy; but there was an evident constraint in his manner as he almost tremblingly reached to him the tips of his fingers. He seemed under the influence of a complex tide of emotion. He was moved somewhat, perhaps, by the tone of *bonhomie* that pervaded the latter remarks, and by the frankness of the advance which concluded them; but the dominant feeling was evidently of a sombre cast, arising from a reflection on his own position, and still more on that of so many Christian communities abandoned to the caprices of selfishness and hazard.

These movements of the inner man did not escape the scrutinising glance of Bonaparte; a light and shadow passed rapidly across his face. He had carried one point—the coronation was tacitly conceded; the rest may be left to time. It was evident that, though not entirely without alloy, the feeling of satisfaction was uppermost as he strode from the room with all the *brusquerie* with which he had entered it.\*

### LUCKY JACK.

JACK had served his master seven years: then he said to him—"Master, my time is out. Now I should like to go home to my mother. Give me my wages."

The master answered—"You have served me truly and well: as the service, so shall the reward be."

With these words he gave him a bag of heavy silver money that was as big as Jack's head. Jack took out his pocket-handkerchief, wrapped the bag up in it, put it upon his shoulder, and set out on the road home. As he went along thus, always putting one leg before the other, a man came in sight, who trotted by brisk and fresh upon a spirited horse.

"Ah!" said Jack aloud, "what a beautiful thing riding is! There he sits, as if he were in a chair; stumbles over no stone, saves his shoes, and gets to the end of his journey he doesn't know how!"

The rider, who had heard him, called out—"Well, Jack, why then do you trudge afoot?"

"Ah! because I must carry home this bag. It is real silver; but I can't hold my head up for it, and it galls me on the shoulder."

"I tell you what," said the rider, stopping; "we will exchange. I give you my horse, and you give me your bag."

"With all my heart!" said Jack; "but I warn you it will be a deal of trouble to you."

The rider jumped off, took the bag, and helped Jack to mount. Then he put the reins into his hand, and said—"Now, when you want to go very fast, you must cluck with your tongue, and call out "Hupp, hupp!"

Jack was in a state of great joy as he sat on the horse, and rode along so bold and free. After a little while he thought he would go faster, and he began to cluck with his tongue, and to call out "hupp, hupp!" The horse upon this started suddenly off at a brisk trot, and before Jack was aware of it, he was thrown off, and lying in a ditch which separated the fields from the high road. The horse would have run away had not a countryman stopped it, who came along the road driving a cow before him. Jack scrambled up, and stood on his legs. But he was vexed, and said to the countryman, "Riding is but a sorry joke, especially if you get hold of such a jade as this, that kicks and throws you off, so that you wellnigh break your neck. I will never get on its back again. That's the best of your cow: you can walk along behind her at your ease; and

besides that, you have milk, and butter, and cheese every day for certain. What would I give if I had a cow!"

"Well," said the peasant, "as it would be a great favour to you, I'll give you the cow for the horse."

Jack agreed to it with a thousand thanks; and the countryman threw himself on the horse, and rode hastily away.

Jack drove his cow peacefully before him, and congratulated himself on his lucky bargain. He said to himself, "Now, if I have only a bit of bread—and certainly I shall never be in want of that—I can, as often as ever I please, have butter and cheese to eat with it; if I am thirsty, I milk my cow and drink milk: heart! what more do you want?" When he came to an inn he stopped, and with great joy ate clean up all the bread he had for dinner and supper, and called for a glass of beer, which he paid for with his last few farthings. Then he continued his journey, driving his cow towards the village where his mother lived. But as the mid-day drew on the heat became more oppressive, and Jack found himself on a heath which would last him for an hour's walk. He got so hot that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth for thirst. "The thing is easily to be remedied," thought Jack; "now, I will milk my cow, and refresh myself with the drink." He fastened her to a dead tree, and tried to milk her, but notwithstanding all his trouble not a single drop would come. As he set about it very awkwardly, the impatient animal at last gave him such a kick on the head with one of her hind-legs that he fell back on the ground, and for some time did not know at all where he was. Fortunately, just then a butcher came along who had a young pig lying in his wheelbarrow.

"Hallo! what's the matter here?" said he, helping poor Jack to rise. Jack told him all that had happened. The butcher handed him his flask and said, "There, take a drop and cheer up. You will never get any milk from the cow: it is an old beast, at the best only fit for the plough or the slaughter-house."

"Alas, alas!" said Jack, stroking the hair down over his head, "who would have thought it? It is certainly a good thing when one can kill a beast for the use of the family: what meat it gives! But I don't care much for cow's flesh; it isn't juicy enough for me. Ah, if one could have a young pig! that has a different flavour, and over and above there's sausages!"

"Hark ye, Jack!" said the butcher; "for your sake I'll let you have the pig for the cow."

"God reward you for your friendship!" said Jack, and he handed the cow over to him. The young pig was untied from the barrow, and the cord with which it was bound given into his hand.

Jack went on his way, and thought how everything happened according to his wishes; and how, if any misfortune occurred, some good thing immediately made amends for it. As he was dwelling upon these thoughts, a young fellow came up to him, carrying a beautiful white goose under his arm. They said good-day to one another, and Jack began to talk about his good-luck, and how he had always made such an advantageous exchange. His companion said he was taking his goose to a christening feast. "Just lift it up by the wings," continued he, "and see how heavy she is. She has been crammed for eight weeks, and he who eats her must wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth!"

"Yes," said Jack, holding her up in one hand, "she weighs her weight; but my pig is not so bad."

In the meantime the man looked about him suspiciously, and shook his head. "I tell you what," he began, "it is not all quite right with that pig. In the village through which I have passed, a pig belonging to the mayor has just been stolen. I fear—I fear you have it there by the rope. It would be a bad day's work if you were found with it; at the least you would be locked up in the black hole."

\*The materials for this interesting article have been taken in great part from Alfred de Vigny's volume entitled, '*Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*.'

Poor Jack was terrified. 'Ah,' said he, 'help me out of this scrape! you know the parts here better than I do: take my pig there, and leave me your goose!'

'It's a great risk for me,' answered the man; 'but I will not be the cause of your getting into misfortune.'

So he took the rope in his hand, and drove the pig along a by-way; while our good Jack, released from his anxiety, went on towards home with the goose under his arm. 'If I consider rightly,' said he to himself, 'I have still the best of the bargain: first the good roast; then the quantity of fat that will drip from it; and finally, the beautiful white feathers, which I will have my pillow stuffed with, upon which I shall sleep without rocking. What a pleasure there will be for my mother!'

As he was passing through the last village, there stood a scissor-grinder with his barrow, singing to his burring work. Jack stood still and watched him, and at last went up to him and said, 'I suppose you get on very well, as you are so jolly at your grinding?'

'Yes,' answered the grinder, 'my handicraft is founded on a mine of gold. Your true grinder is a man who, as often as he puts his hand in his pocket, finds money in it. But where did you buy that fine goose?'

'I didn't buy it; I changed it for my pig.'

'And the pig?'

'I got that for my cow.'

'And the cow?'

'I got that in exchange for my horse.'

'And the horse?'

'I gave a bag of silver money as big as my head for that.'

'And the bag of silver money?'

'Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service.'

'You always knew how to help yourself,' said the grinder. 'But if you could now so manage as to hear money jingling in your pocket whenever you moved, you would have made your fortune.'

'How is that to be done?' said Jack.

'You must be a grinder, like me: for that you want nothing but a whetstone—everything else comes of itself. There, I have one; it is a little damaged, but you shall give me in return for it nothing except your goose. What do you say to that?'

'How can you ask me?' said Jack. 'I shall surely be one of the happiest men on earth. If I have money as often as I put my hand in my pocket, what need I care for?' With which he held out the goose to him.

'Now,' said the grinder, lifting up a heavy common stone from the field which lay near him—'there, you have a proper stone to begin with, which will bear a good blow: you can hammer your old nails straight upon it. Take it, and be careful of it!'

Jack put the stone on his shoulder, and went on with a cheerful heart. His eyes glistened with joy, and he said to himself—'All my wishes are fulfilled, just as if I were a Sunday-child.\*' But now, as he had been upon his legs since break of day, he began to feel tired; he was also worried by hunger, for he had eaten up all his provisions at one meal, in joy at the cow he had purchased. At last he could only get on with great difficulty, and was obliged to rest every moment. The stone pressed heavily on him, and he could not help thinking what a good thing it would be if just now he were not obliged to carry it. Like a snail, he came crawling into a field to rest and refresh himself with a drink of fresh water; and that he might not injure the stone while he was sitting down, he laid it carefully beside him on the edge of the well. Then he turned round to draw some water; but, as he turned, he pushed accidentally against the stone, and it plunged into the well. When Jack with his own eyes had seen it sink to the bottom, he sprang up in joy—then knelt

down and thanked God, with tears in his eyes, that he had shown him this mercy also, and had delivered him from the stone so easily, which was the only thing wanting to his happiness. 'There is no man under the sun so happy as I am!' cried he; and so with a light heart, and free from all burden, he now bounded on till he was at home with his mother.\*

#### THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

February 1861.

I HAVE nothing especially remarkable to lead off with, unless you will accept as such the fact that Lord John Russell has again communicated to the President of the Royal Society his intention of setting aside £1,000 for the promotion of science, and encouragement of its investigators. A similar sum was, as you know, granted last year, and apportioned by the Council of the F.R.S.'s, as to them seemed meet. By and by, you will have the particulars and results. While on the one side the society may place this to the score of their advantages, on the other they have sustained a loss, not easy to be supplied, in the decease of their late president, the Marquis of Northampton. He was a nobleman of the right stamp; of refined tastes and elevated acquirements: one who, in the powers and privileges of rank, never lost his genuine kindness of nature. His *soirées*, of which he gave four in the season during a long series of years, were renowned for the large and varied assemblage of talent, learning, and philosophy which they invariably attracted. Their having been mentioned more than once in your Journal may well excuse my taking up a few lines with this passing notice of the deceased nobleman.

Now, in default of the marvellous, you must just content yourself—if you can—with such gatherings as I send you. If you would only allow us, poor chroniclers of progress, to invent a discovery now and then, we might give you a trimensural surprise, the effects of which would keep you up to the superlative degree of astonishment from one quarter-day to another. I could tell you something about a method for growing meat directly from the ground without the intermediate process of converting grass and turnips into sheep and oxen, that would make you wish you were young again, to live through a period when no man should write *impransus* after his name. But I refrain, lest you should have misgivings as to the more sober facts and incidents which it may fall to my lot to relate. So, to proceed.

Our talk of late has been rather miscellaneous; no one topic thrusting itself into especial prominence. Accounts from the arctic seas, by way of Behring's Straits, though negative as to Franklin, are positive concerning one of Captain Collinson's ships: she had worked her way well to the eastward before the winter frosts set in, and if the expeditions by way of Lancaster Sound made such advance as is hoped, it is within the limits of possibility that walking parties from the vessels in either direction may have met and communicated. The hopes of finding any of the missing adventurers still alive are now extremely slender; but this is a point on which nothing can be known till the close of the coming summer. Besides this, there is a budget of domestic subjects, in which it is not easy to separate the social from the political—repeal of taxes, for instance, model lodging-houses, Smithfield abolition, financial reform, multiplication of the police, outlying army corps (not corpses), and the impending census—any one of which will afford material for cogitation to those able to excoigate wheat from the chaff. Fortune send they be not like the grains that Shakespeare talks about, which, when found, were not worth the trouble of the search.

\* It is a popular belief in Germany that persons born on a Sunday succeed in all they undertake; also, that they are able to see ghosts.

\* This piece is somewhat altered from the German of Grimm.

There is an item current not uninteresting to providers of literature—namely, a new printing machine, the work of a man at Providence, Rhode Island. The paper, instead of being laid on in separate sheets, is wound in a huge roll, of thousands of yards, if desired; and after passing under and over the printing cylinders, is cut off in sheets, and folded at the rate of 20,000 an hour by the sole operation of the machinery. The press, it is said, does everything except put on the rolls of paper, and carry away the finished sheets; and this part of the work can be performed by one pair of hands. Another American invention is also talked about: Professor Page, whose investigations I mentioned in my last, now states: 'I have just completed a grand experiment with a huge iron bar and helix, with the following results:—The bar, weighing 532 pounds, placed within the helix, is made to start up in the coil, and vibrate in the air without visible support. It requires a force of 608 pounds additional to its own weight to pull it out of the helix, so that it is equivalent to lifting a bar in the helix of 1040 pounds weight. After this it would seem quite easy to sustain masses of iron weighing many tons. The full time required to charge this magnet, and raise the galvanic current to its maximum, is two seconds. Nine-tenths of the charge is attained in one second.' Let steam-workers look to it—a power which may some day be formidable, is growing into strength and activity.

Beyond the Atlantic, however, is not the only region of ingenuity: the envelope machine, of which I told you some time ago as having been exhibited at Birmingham, so simple in principle, and rapid in execution—the folds being laid by a blast of air—is now fully at work in the establishment of one of our chief City stationers. Twenty thousand envelopes are tossed off daily with the greatest ease, and cheapness is not to be the only acceptable result of celerity in production. Then, looking across the Channel, we find Monsieur Faye, the astronomer, entertaining the Académie with an 'apparatus for sounding at great depths'—a scheme of far greater utility than would appear at first sight. Those who have read accounts of voyages of discovery, will remember how much time and labour have been occupied in taking soundings in mid-ocean; one hundred men being sometimes engaged for half a day in hauling up the line and weight; and in certain cases, where delay was prejudicial, the whole has been abandoned at considerable loss. M. Faye proposes to use a cylinder of sheet-iron or copper which will 'measure the vertical depth, determine the rate and direction of currents, supposing these elements known for the surface, the temperature of the water at the bottom, or at different depths, and bring up water from different depths in order to the study of its composition.' 'The instrument,' he observes, 'provides for the resolution of these questions. No cord is needed, it being unnecessary that the crew should exhaust their strength in hauling up; for it ascends of itself, either after having touched the bottom, or after descending to a depth determined beforehand. It brings up all the requisite indications of the vertical space gone through, also of the amount and direction of the horizontal space; and if lost by accident, the loss in no case will exceed 400 or 500 francs.'

The proposed cylinder, of whichever metal, is to be about three feet in height and four inches diameter, and filled with a liquid specifically lighter than water. A small orifice in the lower end admits of a due balance taking place between the inner and outer pressure. Two cannon-balls, attached by cords to two movable pins, serve to sink it; and no sooner does it strike the bottom, than the pins are released, the weights remain below, while the cylinder rises to the surface in consequence of its specific levity. By means of a simple wheel-work, whose rate is known, the weights may be detached at any required depth, as surely as at the bottom. The

horizontal movement is to be verified by placing a mark at the spot where the cylinder plunged, and observing the distance at which it rises; and in this particular also the amount for different depths may be ascertained. For bringing up water, a small bucket is attached, inverted, and with cocks open during the descent; but as soon as the weights fall off, the cocks close, the bucket turns over, and comes up with its contents. Besides these purposes, it is obvious that, by attaching self-registering thermometers, the temperature at any depth may be known. Such an instrument as this will be eminently useful to navigators; and now that the physical condition of the earth is so much an object of study, an easy means of sounding the depths of the ocean will be of not less utility to the natural philosopher.

Next, I may tell you that Becquerel has been making 'researches into the causes of the disengagement of electricity in plants'—a subject which, as you know, has engaged attention in several quarters. Wartmann of Lausanne has worked out some important conclusions, which support those of the French philosopher. The latter states, as the result of his labours, 'that in the act of vegetation the earth receives continually an excess of positive electricity, the parenchyma and part of the lignum an excess of negative electricity, which is transmitted to the air by the exhalation of the watery vapours.'

'The leaves behave in the same way as the parenchyma of the bark—namely, that the sap which circulates in their tissues is negative with respect to the fluids, the medulla, and the earth, and positive with regard to the cambium.'

'There is no room to doubt that chemical actions are the primary causes of the electrical effects observed in vegetables.'

'The opposite electrical states of plants and of the earth lead to the belief that by reason of the power of vegetation on several parts of the globe, they should exercise a certain influence on the electrical phenomena of the atmosphere.' Thus you will perceive, from these brief particulars, that the question is one which embraces a wide range, comprehending some phenomena of botany and meteorology, rich in their promise of discovery. It is one that we shall hear more of before long.

Writing the terms meteorology and botany reminds me of two or three scraps of talk therewith connected. One is, that according to Mr Glaisher, the temperature of the last quarter of 1850 was higher than that of the previous 79 years. The same three months were more than usually foggy, there having been 69 days on which more or less fog prevailed. Another, that the climate of New Zealand has changed for the better since the earthquake of last year—that is as regards agriculture and general convenience; but as regards health it is worse; for coughs, colds, and fevers—which prior to the convulsion were extremely rare—are now widely prevalent. The third is, that although African teak has long been used for naval purposes in our dockyards, our botanists have been unable to determine to what family it belonged, as no leaves or flowers, the distinguishing signs, had been brought to this country. Late, however, at the instance of Sir W. Hooker, a gentleman at Sierra Leone, to which colony the wood is conveyed in logs, has sent over some of the fruit as well as flowers, and by means of these the tree is now classed among the euphorbiaceae. A cubic foot of the wood weighs from 60 to 70 pounds, being from 20 to 30 pounds heavier than a similar bulk of Indian teak or British oak.

M. Chas. Mène, of the Académie, has been making some rather remarkable experiments 'on the influence of gypsum (sulphate of lime) in vegetation.' He filled two zinc boxes with the gypsum, and sowed grass in the one and wheat in the other. The plants grew



luxuriantly, but instead of ripening, gradually withered. He then filled the same cases with a mixture, half gypsum, half argillaceous earth; the result of the sowing was more favourable, but not equal to that obtained from ordinary soil. The experiment was next varied by filling the boxes with common manure, and covering it with a thin layer, about half an inch, of gypsum, and putting in the seeds as before. 'At the end of two weeks,' says M. Mene, 'the plants had become developed with an astonishing growth, and arrived at perfect maturity and extraordinary beauty.' One day, as he was examining them, he chanced to spill a small quantity of chlorhydric acid into one of the boxes; an effervescence took place, which set him thinking of cause and effect, the result of which was that he used no more of the sulphate of lime, but sowed the seeds in humus, and watered them with solutions of sulphuric, chlorhydric, azotic, and acetic acids, of sulphates of iron, potash, and magnesia, of chloride of manganese, and azotate and phosphate of soda. The grass grew in perfection, and in the liquid drainage from the bottom of the cases ammoniacal salts were found in a fixed state, or at least not volatile in ordinary temperatures. From all of which the experimenter infers 'that plaster (gypsum) in itself has no fecundating power, and alone, cannot serve as a fertiliser. That it has no properties useful to agriculture, except inasmuch as it is combined with ammoniacal substances, in which case there is a double decomposition, and the ammonia is, as it were, stored up (*emmagasinée*) for the requirements of the plant; and that any salt which retains ammonia in a form not volatile at ordinary temperatures, may be substituted for the plaster.'

'These experiments,' continues M. Mene, 'were made in my grounds at Vaugirard on a small scale, and all succeeded. There now remains but to make the trial on a greater scale; and I hope this year to show to the admiration of promenaders at Vaugirard more than one field whose vegetation shall be active and extraordinary, thanks to each one of the salts above mentioned.'

The Académie have recently made a distribution of prizes: out of the fund set apart for essays on the rendering insalubrious arts or trades less injurious, 500 francs each were awarded to Messrs Mallet and Cavaillon, 'for their processes for the purification of gas for burning;' and 1000 francs to M. Hurteaux for his work on the diseases produced by the manipulation of tobacco. Another thousand were given for improvements in the manufacture of artificial limbs. Of prizes in prospect, the gold medal, worth 3000 francs, is offered for a 'Study of the laws of the distribution of fossil organized bodies in the different sedimentary strata, following the order of the superposition; and an examination of the nature of the relations which exist between the present and the former state of the organic kingdom.' 'Comparative embryology' is to be the subject of another prize; there are two or three in mathematics, and one in which the author is 'To establish the equations of the general movements of the atmosphere, having regard to the rotation of the earth, the calorific action of the sun, and to the attractive forces of the sun and moon.' This for 1854. Then besides all these there is an extraordinary prize of 6000 francs for 1853, 'For the best work or memoir on the most advantageous employment of steam in the propelling of ships, and on the system of mechanism and fixing, of stowage and armament, to be preferred for this class of constructions.' Solid work, and solid rewards here for somebody.

Projectors are still tormenting the Academicians with plans for aërostation. M. Arago has given a reply to these gentlemen which may suit schemers in other parts of the world. He states that, some sixty years ago, a M. Meusnier, of the school of Metz, wrote a treatise

on the subject, which has never been printed. 'There might be,' he adds, 'some benefit in publishing it, were it but to prove to those who fancy they have discovered new means of aerial locomotion, that, whatever of plausible or reasonable may be found in their ideas, was perfectly known, explained, and appreciated in the last century.'

Apropos of Arago: he is still working on to completion with his researches in photometry, for which, as I told you a month or two since, the Royal Society awarded him their Rumford Medal. The celebrated Frenchman has acknowledged the honour in a letter to the secretaries, which will well bear reproduction. 'My age,' he writes, 'my bad health, the deplorable state of my eyes, and the part I was obliged to take in the events of which my country was the theatre after February 24, 1848, had led me to suppose that I had entered on that period of life wherein nothing can produce a lively impression. Your letter has undeceived me. The news that the Royal Society have been pleased to award to me the Rumford Medal, has filled me with joy. Pray be the interpreter of my unalterable gratitude to our honourable confrères: say to them, especially, that their indulgence will make me redouble my efforts, so that those of my labours which remain to be published may not be 'unworthy the favour of which I have been the object.'

#### DOMINIQUE CIMAROSA.

DOMINIQUE CIMAROSA was the son of a shoemaker in Naples, and his father bound him apprentice to a baker. It was the custom for the citizens to knead their own dough, and send it to be baked in the public ovens; part of Dominique's duty, therefore, consisted in going round to the different houses, and fetching their unbaked bread to his master's oven. Among their customers was the celebrated singer Joseph Aprile; and the boy, in whom a love for music had early developed itself, used to stand in the porch listening with rapture to the singer's morning practice. Sometimes he was so entranced as totally to forget the business which had brought him there, and thus incurred his master's just displeasure. Aprile was in the habit of giving lessons to a little girl of ten years old, named Térésina Ballante. It happened frequently that this child, while passing in and out, perceived the baker's boy standing motionless, plunged in his musical trance. One day the pretty little blushing lady ventured to address him.

'What are you doing there, standing in the corner?'

'Listening to the beautiful singing, signorina.'

'Do you love music?'

'Oh yes!'

'Do you understand it?'

'Oh no! my father is too poor to have me taught.'

'Could you not be taught in the Conservatorio?'

'To get in there requires the interest of a patron, and I have none.'

'But if my master, if Signor Aprile would do it?—'

'He would make me the happiest being in the world! But it is more than I could expect'—

'Have you a voice? Can you sing?'

'Yes, signorina; I try sometimes to imitate the songs I hear.'

'Then you would be very glad to sing like Signor Aprile?'

The boy replied only by an expressive look, and the fair little girl tripped away. Next morning she repeated the dialogue to her teacher, and obtained permission to introduce Dominique into his apartment the next time he should come for the bread. The kind little patroness failed not to do so. After a few preliminary questions, Aprile desired the boy to try his voice; and he obeyed by singing a celebrated comic song of the day, which he had casually picked up. The tone and expression were given with such perfection, that Aprile was enchanted. He hastened, with the approbation of Dominique's father, to get him admitted into the Conservatorio della Pietà.

There he prosecuted his musical studies with the utmost success; and with the prospect of well-earned fame and fortune before his eyes, he married the pretty Térésina, whose childish kindness, many years before, had been the commencement of his prosperity. Their happiness, however, was but of short duration: his wife died soon after their marriage, leaving him one son.

Before Cimarosa reached the age of thirty-eight he had composed upwards of sixty standard works, besides a quantity of fugitive music. Afterwards he produced his *chef-d'œuvre*, 'Il Matrimonio Segreto'; the effect produced by which, at its first representation in Vienna, was such that the Emperor Leopold, after having given a splendid supper to the actors and musicians of the orchestra, commanded them the same evening to recommence the entertainment; and he is said to have enjoyed the second representation quite as much as the first. In 1801 Cimarosa died at Venice in his forty-first year.

#### PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

The diminution in the consumption of intoxicating liquors during the last fifteen years, is one of the most encouraging circumstances of the time. The details are stated at large in the 'Scottish Temperance League Register and Abstinens' Almanac for 1851,' from which we take the following figures, contrasting the consumption of wholesome and unwholesome drinks in 1836 and 1850—the first and last year of the term:—

	lbs.	
1830. Coffee, . . . . .	34,431,074	
Tea, . . . . .	50,024,688	
Cocoa, . . . . .	3,233,372	
		87,689,134
1836. Coffee, . . . . .	23,295,046	
Tea, . . . . .	36,574,004	
Cocoa, . . . . .	1,064,170	
		60,933,220
Actual increase, . . . . .		26,755,914
	Gallons.	
1836. Rum, . . . . .	3,416,966	
Foreign and Colonial Spirits, . . . . .	1,348,740	
British Spirits, . . . . .	24,710,308	
Beer, . . . . .	287,280,360	
Wine, . . . . .	6,420,342	
		622,776,616
1850. Rum, . . . . .	3,044,738	
Foreign and Colonial Spirits, . . . . .	5,224,709	
British Spirits, . . . . .	22,962,012	
Beer, . . . . .	548,772,516	
Wine, . . . . .	6,247,689	
		583,251,664
Actual decrease, . . . . .		40,524,932

although the population has increased upwards of four millions since 1836.

The effect of the increase of the population on the real proportion of the drinks consumed in 1836 and 1850 respectively, is given as follows:—'Had the population of 1849-50 drank, of coffee, tea, and cocoa, the same quantity per head as the population of 1835-6 did, the increase in the consumption of these articles would have been only ten millions of pounds, whereas it has been nearly twenty-seven millions of pounds, or considerably more than one-third; and had the population of 1849-50 drank, of spirits, wine, and beer, the same quantity per head as the population of 1835-6 did, the increase in the consumption of these articles would have been one hundred millions of gallons; whereas there has been a decrease of forty millions five hundred thousand gallons—showing the actual difference, taking the increase of population into account, to be upwards of one hundred and forty millions five hundred thousand gallons, or more than a fifth part of the entire quantity consumed in 1836.' We congratulate the country on these delightful facts, which are worth all the 'glorious victories' of the last glorious war.

#### NO MORE CORNS.

There is no doubt some quackery in the corn-doctor's trade, but there is more ignorance. For the benefit both of him and his patients, we will now disclose a secret

which will relieve humanity from a load of misery, not the less difficult to bear that it is unpitied or ridiculous. The cause of corns, and likewise of the torture they occasion, is simply friction; and to lessen friction you have only to use your toe as you do in like circumstances a coach-wheel—lubricate it with some oily substance. The best and cleanliest thing to use is a little sweet oil, rubbed upon the affected part (after the corn is carefully pared) with the tip of the finger, which should be done on getting up in the morning, and just before stepping into bed at night. In a few days the pain will diminish, and in a few days more it will cease, when the nightly application may be discontinued. The writer of this paragraph suffered from these horrible excrescences for years. He tried all sorts of infallible things, and submitted to the manipulations of the corn-doctor; but all in vain: the more he tried to banish them, the more they wouldn't go; or if they did go (which happened once or twice under the strong prevalence of caustic), they were always sure to return with tenfold venom. Since he tried the oil, some months ago, he has had no pain, and is able to take as much exercise as he chooses. Through the influence of this mild persuasive, one of the most iniquitous of his corns has already taken itself off entirely; the others he still pares at rare intervals; but suffering no inconvenience whatever from them, he has not thought it necessary to have recourse to caustic—which sometimes, if not very carefully used, and vinegar and water applied at once to the toe, causes almost as much smart as the actual cautery.

#### PHILIP, MY KING!

'Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty.'

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my King!  
For round thee the purple shadow lies  
Of babyhood's regal dignities.  
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
With love's invisible sceptre laden;  
I am thine, Esther, to command  
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,  
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,  
Philip, my King!  
When those beautiful lips are suing,  
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,  
Thou dost enter, love-crown'd, and there  
Sittest all glorified!—Rule kindly,  
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,  
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,  
Philip, my King.

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
Philip, my King;  
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,  
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow  
As to one God-throned amidst his peers.  
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,  
Let me behold thee in coming years!  
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,  
Philip, my King,  
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way  
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:  
Rebels within thee, and foes without  
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,  
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout  
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,  
'Philip the King!'

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